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THE DOUBLE-BARRELED CAMPAIGN.



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Editor, H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 11th, 1888. — No. 592.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

FOUR YEARS AGO this summer we were in the very heat of one of the most turbulent political contests the country has ever known. The excitement of the presidential campaign reached all classes of our citizens. It was not a thoughtful civic discussion; it was a hot and angry fight that arrayed neighbor against neighbor, friend against friend, kinsman against kinsman. The cause of this excitement was unique in our history. It was the defection from the ranks of the greater of our two great political parties of a number of voters who refused to support the party's candidate on the ground that he was personally unfit for the high office he sought, having been unfaithful to his public trust in a lower place. This was practically the one reason for the defection. The "bolters" were not at variance with their party in matters of political opinion—at least not to such an extent as to incline them to separate from it. They opposed the candidate simply and solely because he had been a dishonorable official, and they held him unworthy of the greatest honor in the gift of the people.

This defection and the subsequent determination of the bolters to support the candidate of the opposition party awakened a most violent political storm. It was a defection made solely and entirely for conscience's sake, not in any hope of material benefit; but if it had been treachery bought with coin, it could not have been more vehemently denounced by the parent party. The cause of this bitterness was obvious enough. The party had been, in its earlier days, a party of principle. Its founders were men who stood up for the right against an arrogant and selfish majority, corrupted by specious doctrines and morally blinded by too long tenure of power. A party thus founded had the right, most surely, to call itself "a party of moral ideas," and to feel a pride in its record. To be accused—and justly—of being false to that record and to those ideas was indeed a severe blow to the pride nurtured through years of prosperity, power and honor; the more severe that it was dealt by the party's own flesh and blood. The arraignment of its enemies it could hear with equanimity; but the accusing voice within its own household was not to be suffered.

You can not, however, greatly hurt a voter by calling him a recreant, a traitor, a Mugwump, or even a Dude and a Pharisee. He still retains his vote, and he may even be able to answer back and use some unpleasant epithets himself. So the infuriated party turned upon the candidate favored by the bolters, and fell upon him to wreak upon his head the whole force of its wrath. The manner of its attack can not well be forgotten by this time. The party leaders introduced to this civilized country, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the Campaign of Indecency.

No abuse was too vile to hurl at the candidate of the "Mugwumps." The party leaders set the key, and press and public took it up. It was impossible to say that the candidate was dishonest; but invention supplied material for every other form of accusation. He was ignorant, he was stupid, he was a libertine, he was a foe to Honest Labor, he was the friend of tyrannical England and the enemy of Irish liberty; he was bent, in his wicked and deceitful heart, on wrecking the commercial prosperity of the country; he was a drunkard; he was a Copperhead and a Secessionist; his neck was larger than his head, and, according to the leading newspaper organ of the party, he conveyed his food to his mouth with the blade of his knife.

These are a few of the things which were said about him, not only by a safely impersonal press and by the fiery orators who were fighting for their own share of the government patronage, but by good, honest, respectable citizens, who would never have dreamed bearing false witness or circulating slanders at any time other than the three or four months of a presidential campaign.

A shameful campaign they made it, indeed! The daily press held high carnival of filth. On one side the papers spread out scandalous accusations in detailed fulness; on the other side the scandal was denied with the same disgusting completeness of detail. This was the sort of reading which went into every household, and came before the eyes of pure women and young children. And the brutality and baseness of the fight were the same everywhere—on the street, in the counting-room; in workshops, hotels, railway trains—in schools and churches, even. The brutality, moreover, was as great as the baseness. When every slander was denied and disproved, there remained one invariable argument against the propriety of voting for the obnoxious candidate. It may not appear to be an argument, yet it was advanced as such, and those who used it seemed to regard it as final, in its way. It was this: "He won't be elected." Accompanied with elaborate taunts, it was the wind-up of every discussion; and it was deemed an exhibition of courteous wit to ask the hapless Mugwump how he would feel when his candidate was defeated in November. Such was the Campaign of Indecency. So it went on, madder and madder, viler and viler, until November came, and election day, and the candidate of the Mugwumps was elected President.

It is hard to believe to-day that only four years have passed since that disgraceful summer, and that the same candidate has come before the people for re-election. The campaign has begun—but not as it began then. The attack by personalities seems to be out of fashion. One small personal slander has, it is true, popped up a timorous head; but only to be knocked back into oblivion by its own originators, who found that the public would have none of it. Yet the campaign is begun—a campaign of principle. The same people who, four years ago, were engaged in a contest of bitter personalities are now discussing economic questions—and, so far, in good temper. The contest now is a contest of politics, pure and simple.

This is certainly a much more wholesome state of things than we could have hoped for a brief four years ago. It is better for the country at large; better for the individual citizen. And what has brought it about? The answer is pregnant with meaning. It is the result of one man's work in the cause of good and patriotic government during his term of four years in the presidential chair; and that man is Grover Cleveland.

A CHANCE FOR THE GREAT INVENTOR.



EXHAUSTED MUSICIAN (to the sage of Menlo).—Meester Edison, I hear you vas a very clever man. Can't you ged oop a warm weather trombone, to run by elegdricity?



AN IDYL

SIDE BY SIDE, within a hammock,
On a lovely summer's night,
Sat a maiden and her lover,
And around, the moon shone bright.

"Darling," sweet and low he whispered,
"Thee I love above them all;
May we go through life together
Undisturbed by snare or fall?"

While thus earnestly he pleaded,
Half believing what he said,
Back too far the young man leaned,
Thump! — he landed on his head.

Oh, ye gods! have maids no pity?
Loud a mocking laugh did sound;
Once more turned the tricky hammock,
And she sat upon the ground.

"T is an ill wind" — you all know that
Straightway he his suit renewed;
With hands fondly clasped together
Sat they on the grass bedewed.

Then, the fates were more propitious,
Answered she: "I love thee well;
But —" she saw the swinging hammock —
"Please, don't ever, ever tell!"

Flavel S. Mines.

BULL-HEADS.



BULL-HEADS ARE born, not made. No manufacturer would ever place on the market such a ridiculous combination of big end and little tip, three horns and no middle. They deserve no favor at the hands of a credulous public. They have no respectability. They look like a hybrid fruitage of a disreputable perch and a dissolute eel. They are intolerably indolent. They won't work for a living. They just shove themselves under the eel grass, gape their mouths, and wait and loaf. If a snail crawls in, that is his ill fortune. The bull-head does n't care much, anyhow.

It takes laziness to catch bull-heads. Patience won't do it. The successful bull-header is slower than a doctor's bill, and as undesirable. He is either too lean to stand up, or too fat to walk. His stomach hollows so far in toward his spine that he can't tell the difference between hunger and the backache. He indulges in plug tobacco. He will sit all day on the tip of a decayed hemlock knot and fish. He waits. Happiness spreads a dreamy mantle over him.

A bull-head bite is not an impressive event. It is not an emotional affair. It feels like a thump on the back. It is something like one jump out of a dull toothache. It is not so expressive, however. Sometimes they don't bite at all. They let the bait drop into their mouths, if it chooses. Mouth closes. Bull-head rubs his stomach on the mud and waits. Fisherman waits, too. Bull-head waits longer. Fisherman waits for the "bob" to go under. Bull-head waits for fisherman to come down and get him. Fisherman waits for bull-head to come up and see what has become of him. Finally he pulls up his line to look at the worm. Line sticks at the end. Bull-head is in no hurry. Neither is the fisherman. More pull. Still sticks. Lug; pull; slow, lazy, always lazy; lazy at both ends.

The thing comes up like dragging the heel out of the mud: Suck — gurgle — swash. There he has it. One little bull-head with a diminutive bull-tail. It is great sport. It is so uniform. It does n't excite the feelings. One always knows what to expect — a bull-head some time or other.

Six bull-heads are a good day's work for a practical fisherman. More than that spoils the rhythm. Theoretical fellows have alleged that they have taken more than that. They have described their game as "old

lunkers." They are ambitious creatures, in the spring-time of life. They carried their bait in their hip pocket, corked. They are not credible witnesses. They exaggerate.

Now, skin the catch. Straddle a plank by lantern light. Skin, smoke, cuff "skeeters," smell fishy. Six inches of bull-head yield two and one-third inches of skinned bull-tail.

Fried and served up hot, they taste like swamp malaria burnt into decayed chip.

Vaica Iagn.



A COMMOTION IN THE ZODIAC.

LEO (as the SUN-GOD drives 'round his way). — See here, Apollo, I'm sick of this beastly hot weather job! I'll strike if I can't get a hair-cut!



NLY A MINT-JULEP.

"GIMME A MINT-JULEP," he said.

Little did the young man who spoke these words reckon of the time this draught had been in preparing for him.

He was one of those of whom the poet spoke when he said:

"A mint-julep on the counter's brim,
A simple mint-julep was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Long years before this, in "Old Kaintuck," the seed-corn had lain in the moist, rich earth. And when April's sweet showers had pierced the drought of March to the root, as Dan Chaucer remarked in very good verse, but with orthography that had plainly eluded the proof-reader, it swelled and swelled until it burst, and sent up from its heart a tender shoot.

Timidly this shoot pushed its way through the soft mold into the light of day, and far and near there were others like itself. Then the shoots took courage and waxed stronger day by day, and grew as nothing else excepting bad boys grow. All through the sweet spring-time they grew. The birds in the woods hard by sung out of full throats, or flew, caroling free, high over the corn-field. The pretentiously busy little brook at the foot of the hill, hurried by as if it had important engagements to keep—but, then, every one knew it had n't. Next came gentle rains and watered the shoots, so that they grew lustily and became great corn-stalks, taller than your head (unless you are a great deal taller than I think you are). Nature, with subtle analysis, selected out the needful substances, and with still subtler synthesis combined them in the ears of corn, levying a heavy tariff upon everything that came along.

The rootlets drank up nourishment from the earth, the dew of heaven and the soft rains must need furnish moisture, the wooing air surrendered its carbon to the chlorophyl; even the regal sun himself had to pay his tax, though he pleaded an *alibi*. And when his morning rays fell upon the blades of corn, standing in serried phalanges, wet with dew, they gleamed like the weapons of a mighty host, terrible in battle.

The ears of corn were gathered. All through the golden, glorious autumn they lay maturing in the crib, ridding themselves of their rapid crudities.

Having now done all she could, "Nature must give place to Art."

I shall not describe to you all the processes by which the distiller, a man cunning in his art, extracted from the corn its spiritual quintessence, leaving behind the gross, pork-fattening parts. It were not well to inquire too curiously into these matters.

For long years the *spiritus frumenti* lay in silence and darkness, but not in inactivity. Ah, no! While it lay mellowing, boys and girls became young men and women; they wooed, were married, divorced. The Man of the People, who should bring confusion upon the politicians, *venit, vidit, vicit*.

Finally, there was an order for a "bar'l of that 187—burbun." The long sleep of the *spiritus frumenti* was now broken. It entered upon an active social and political life.

So we might linger tenderly, lovingly, over the other ingredients which made up the mint-julep; but let us hasten on to the event, if there be any.

Now the bar-keeper was inclined to take to himself the entire credit for that drink. He reasoned thus: "Here are the various components. Without me they could never come together; *argal*, I am the maker of the mint-julep." Was he not right?

He filled a glass with cracked ice. Once he brimmed his cornucopia with corn-juice, and emptied it into the glass. A second time he poured into the cornucopia, looking interrogatively at the young man. He added a dash—a mere *soupeçon*—of bitters, a bit of pineapple, a strawberry, and, finally, as a crowning garland, a sprig of mint.

The result was not a mere mechanical mixture, but a chemical compound, a new substance.

The bibber, scorning the effeminacy of straws, raised the glass to his lips and drained it with a sort of eager reluctance. He put the glass down. Then the sunshine and the thousand sweet aerial influences which had lain so long imprisoned, spread themselves over his soul, and he smiled!

Reader, shall we smile?

John Ford Barbour.



INQUISITIVENESS REBUKED.

OFFICER.—Look 'r here, you! What are ye doin' 'round here this time o' mornin'?

STRANGER (*boldly*).—I'm tendin' to me bisness! Wat yer s'pose?

OFFICER.—Oh, ye are! Where did that chicken come from?

STRANGER (*with more under his coat, savagely*).—It come from a neg, av corse! What 'n blazes did yer tink it come from? A sody-fountain'?

WE NEVER HEARD of a ruin that was not picturesque and beautiful, with the exception of John Sherman.

THIS IS THE TIME that an Englishman goes wild when he steps into the post-office to look for an important letter, and finds a Fourth of July fireworks circular in his box.

NOW THAT the nominations are made, the country goes back to the race for the base-ball pennant for excitement.

A FLORIST'S CATALOGUE speaks of the beauties of Bourbon Roses. Are they the kind that bloom on the nose?

THE LAST HARRISON that ran for the Presidency paddled to the White House a Tippecanoe. But it is predicted that the present one will be tipped out of his political canoe about the time that the bobolinks depart, and the bloom is on the pork-chop.



ALWAYS LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

MISS PRISCILLA COULTER.—Indeed, Henry, there is but one obstacle to your happiness. You know I have always looked on the wearing of hair on the face as a relic of ancient barbarism. Shave off that odious moustache, and I am yours!



—HENRY (*next day*).—My adored one!—

HIS LITTLE MAJESTY.



WHEN His Little Majesty reaches the age of two years, he becomes very enthusiastic, and his enthusiasm leads him to do many of those things which he ought not to do.

And the trouble is, that when he is caught at his misdeeds he is not punished. He has the faculty of appearing very cunning at the proper time, and of evading sundry applications of the well-merited slipper.

He even has a keen appreciation of the cleverness of his tricks, for he will lead you smilingly to the spot where he has been pounding cinders in your stove-pipe hat, probably thinking the

relations existing between the stove-pipe and the stove justify the combination. When the hat full of cinders looms up in your vision, the baby dances with delight, and laughs as though his heart would break.

You know just what ought to be done with him, but you can't make up your mind to do it. On another occasion, you will catch him humming some baby song while sitting on the dining-room table, emptying a bottle of chow-chow down the lamp chimney.

Even his mother laughs, in spite of her efforts to appear angry, when she finds him on the back stoop standing by the ice-cream freezer, which has been prepared for expected company, and observes him pouring the contents out of the coal shovel for the cat and kittens, and only regretful that the dainty is still warm.

He will take out the silverware basket, and walk about, scattering the spoons and forks like seeds, as though planting a silver-plated mine. He takes special delight in getting the carving-knife, and walking about on the slippery floors with it, where a fall might prove fatal. And when at the railroad station, he will walk off a platform twenty-five feet wide to get



SLIGHTLY OBLIVIOUS.

CAPTAIN RIVERS (*of the Montana*).—Well, bless my heart, Mr. Lander, what are you stopping out here for in the rain?

MR. LANDER (*of Philadelphia*).—I—why—I—I was waiting for a car to come along.



HIS VACATION.

MRS. UPTON FLATTE (*off for Narragansett*).—Now, good-bye, dear; be real good, and don't stay out nights, and be sure to send me your salary every Saturday,

on a narrow-gauge track, where he may enjoy the felicity of being in jeopardy.

He also has a habit of hiding things away, or rather leaving them where they don't belong. That is the reason you find your hair-brush under the andirons, and a jar of marmalade in the chiffonnière, on your dress shirts. He will throw jewelry in the fire and kindling-wood under the bed-clothes. He cheerfully allows the Irish setter to take from his hand the ginger-snap that he would not surrender to his father, and he amuses himself by tying his white Tam O'Shanter on the same animal's head, and making him look like the Wolf in Little Red Riding Hood.

Sometime she will lather the good-natured beast with his father's shaving-brush, and the dog will not wince, even when the soap causes tears to run down his cheeks, and his eye-balls to split like pop-corn. He is always up to something, is this mischievous mite of humanity; and, somehow or other, the worse he is, the more love and affection are bestowed upon him. His capacity for mischief is his real capital. He can have all the candy and attention he can stand at the time that he is caught riding downstairs in his carriage, or cleaning the gold-fish globe with his favorite tortoise-shell kitten.

R. K. M.

IT IS PROVOKING, to say the least, to set out a lot of plants, and have them burst into flower on the very day that you are going to the seashore for the summer.

AN EASY EXPLANATION.

Tupper was rapidly getting the better of a plate of "Ham and" in a Park Row coffee-and-cake saloon, when Downes chanced in.

"Why, Angy," he exclaimed, "I'm surprised to find you here! Did n't I see you taking a girl into Delmonico's last night?"

"Yes," said Angy, "and that's the reason I'm here to-day!"



PUCK'S INFANT INDUSTRIES.



XI.

MELANCHOLIACS! HYPOCHONDRIACS!
TAKE NOTICE!

HE UNDERSIGNED, finding himself stranded and tired of life, will commit suicide for persons desirous of bringing stony-hearted damsels to terms. Fee moderate. Payment in advance. First come, first served. Apply early and avoid the rush.

JAMES T. BUSTOFFER,
Box 900000013, N. Y. P. O.

XII.

A GENTLEMAN

belonging to one of the upper-four-hundred first families, having recently returned from an extended sojourn in Great Britain, where he had frequent opportunities of seeing H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, has, in consequence, been the recipient of a larger number of

Invitations to Dine, Etc., Etc., Etc.,

than he can conveniently accept, and will be pleased to dispose of his surplus to discreet persons at very moderate rates. He calls especial attention to an invitation to

Spend Three Weeks at Newport,

as the guest of one of the most liberal entertainers of that delightful resort; also, to a request for his society on an

Extended Yachting Cruise,

with a leading yachtsman of New York; also, an invitation to lead the most fashionable COTILLON of the Long Branch season in the early part of August, to be followed by a

Drive With An Heiress,
(Age 40.)

who is quite inclined to improve the chances afforded by Leap Year.

The above lots will be disposed of as follows:

Newport visit.....@..... \$2 00 per diem.
Yachting cruise.....@..... 1 50 " "
Cotillon.....@..... 3 00
Drive with heiress, 10th of fortune in case of marriage.

Apply to Mr. N., at the Crackerbaker Club, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, between twelve and three.

XIII.

Name To Rent! Name To Rent!! Name To Rent!!!

Gentlemen of a convivial turn of mind, having had the misfortune to run athwart of Justice, may make use of the name of the undersigned for a consideration.

A-V-O-I-D G-E-T-T-I-N-G Y-O-U-R

O-W-N N-A-M-E

I-N T-H-E P-A-P-E-R-S.

J. Smythe, Rafferty's Flats, Harlem.

XIV.

ANDREW JACKSON ROBINSON will sign and secure signatures to petitions for persons desiring to increase number of signatures. Object not inquired into. Terms, \$1.00 per single autograph; \$10.00 per dozen; \$75.00 per gross. All leading names. Satisfaction guaranteed or return the autograph.

No. 606 Chestnut Street, Hoboken,
Third floor.

XV.

Elderly and plain maidens danced with at hops, balls, parties, cotillions, etc. Ladies over 40, \$2.00 per favor. Over 50, \$1.50. Under 30, \$1.00. Rich and impressionable ladies danced with gratis.

GEORGE HARDENBURG JONAS,
Late with the Balluster "400," Whirled Office.

XVI.

A GENTLEMAN

Of Fine Appearance, Aristocratic, Intellectual,
will act as twin brother to unintellectual society youths during the summer, for board and traveling expenses.

Conversations between the twins, in presence of others, carefully arranged beforehand to result in discomfiture of Intellect. Everything contributing to exaltation of the weak-minded carefully looked after. Reduced rates if to go as triplet with two unintellectual persons.

Address G., Crimes Office.

— AND.

A Lay of "The Season."

NOW SUMMER SMILES upon the smiling land,
And in the hot and dusty city street
We hear again the blaring German band,
For whom, we hold, the direst death is meet.
After the welcome rain, by rainbows rare,
Between the drifting clouds, the sky is spanned;
And in the wealthy orchards everywhere,
Ripen the luscious peaches to be canned.
Upon the heaving bosom of the sea
The yachts of every size and sort are manned;
And men's and maidens' faces get to be
Most fearfully and wonderfully tanned.
Paterfamilias, with unwilling hand,
Forks out the needed checks, and bows to Fate:
Schedules of trains, with anxious eyes are scanned
By families about to emigrate
(See Ariel's song) "unto the yellow sand."
The bathing in the surf is "simply grand"—
So all the girls, in gorgeous suits, declare.
And every big hotel is crowded—and
Haughty beyond belief becomes the air
Of the proprietor, erstwhile so bland.

Charles Prescott Sherman.

THE LATEST FROM EXCHANGE PLACE.

Money is so scarce on 'Change, that some of the leading brokers who are short themselves have proposed hereafter to call the leading business street downtown Berry Wall Street.



WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

MRS. MORRIS PARKE.—Mr. Rives is out a great deal at night, is n't he? My husband always spends his evenings at home!

MRS. RIVERSIDE RIVES.—How kind of him! But, then, you know, Riverside and I have such perfect confidence in each other!

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XIX.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.



THE CITY of San Antonio is celebrated for its chili-con-carne stands, greasers, cow-boys, Mexican hairless dogs, half-breeds, half-idiot, and other dime-museum supplies.

It was founded by the Franciscan monks about the time Don Quixote was fighting windmills. Its climate was to them a dream of halcyon serenity — its soil, heaven-kissed with eternal verdure — its lonely river an idyl — its pure dry air the essence of health, of life, of joy!

Real-estate men say they were correct; and, "walk up, gentlemen, and buy a fine mesquite-grass ranch! Sit under your own vine and pecan tree! Shoot your civet-cat, javalin, antelope and deer! Catch your black bass, perch, soft and hard-shell turtle! Terms easy."—*Adv.*

There were a number of assorted savages hanging around, even in those days, and the good friars, longing to teach them to be more kind to one another and to have their regular pew on Sunday, put in twenty-one years in building La Concepcion Cathedral, when a borrowed side-show tent would have been an extravagance.

Fifty years later, the over-zealous gray frocks, who were now erecting their fourth great church with the King of Spain's money, were discovered by a syndicate of Mexicans, who, exercising their prerogative thievery, soon owned old Spanish wines sufficient to open up the "White Elephant," and, later, doubloons sufficient to start its banking department — Don Hernandez Faro, cashier.



The monks rang the Sabbath bells during the seventeenth century, without a Greaser coming in. During the eighteenth, the town, barring wars and free fights, boomed. There were new arrivals. Some came by ox-cart — some by angel express.

New adobes (mud roofs) were erected. Mescal (century-plant lager) was discovered. At times it raised the roofs on Military Plaza, and shook down the mud.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Greasers agreed to come to church, provided they could bring their dogs. The compromise was effected, and Fernando Cathedral, Main Plaza, looks like this in 1888.

San Antonio's left historical bower is the Alamo.

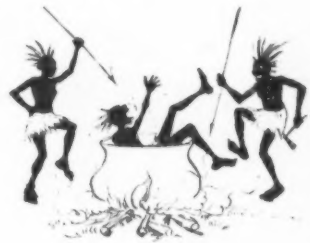
You can see the window where Be-sure-you-are-right-then-go-ahead Crockett fired his last shot in the Texan War for Independence.

You don't see many Mexicans in daylight; but just call at the chili-con-carne stands at about two A. M.

You can see plenty of him then, and hear the Laredo bull-fight news; and, after mescal, he will tell you that Texas still belongs to Mexico. It was intended to reconquer the State; but Uncle Sam took her into the sisterhood.

U. S. holds the Lone Star State in trust only; a kind of temporary lone, as it were.

H. B. Stockwell.



A BRIEF ILLUSION.



HUSBAND.—I flatter myself, Elfrida, that although this is our honeymoon, we have n't got that foolish newly-married look that most young couples have. We are evidently taken for a veteran husband and wife, ha, ha!



MORA SARONY (one minute later).—Here you are now, boss, tin-types of yerself an' yer bride, three for a quarter! Young married couples are our specialty!



J. Ottumwa, Lith. from *Wasp*, N. Y.

A BANNER THAT APPEALS TO COMMON-SENSE AND CONSCIENCE.

PUCK.



FROM THE FAR ORIENT.



Hassan ben Ali, the artificer of Aleppo, was journeying on foot to Damascus, where he sought to improve his fortunes. But the day being warm, and himself exceedingly a-weary, he lay down in the shade of a palm-tree; and commending his soul to Allah, was soon fast asleep.

When he awoke, he saw standing by his side a benevolent-looking old man in the garb of a merchant.

"Health be with thee, friend!" said the stranger: "I am Wah-Tariffe, the Protector; and if thou wilt assist in driving my camels toward Damascus, I will defend thee from the hostile Giaours."

"Nay," replied Hassan: "I need not thy Protection, and the load I bear already is heavy enough, without seeking to aid thee in finding a market for thy goods. Go thou with thy wealth and thy camels and the 'protected' fools who drive them; but let me depart on my feet unencumbered."

And each went his own way.

ANY THING FOR A REST.

MR. HANOVER SQUEER (to his friend, who is reading "*Locke on the Understanding*").—That's a curious book for summer reading! Is n't it rather dry?

MR. BLEECKER STREET.—No; I'm just resting my head with it. I find it really delightful to step for a moment out of the sphere of the diabolic tennis joke, the tennis picture, and the tennis advertisement, which glare at one now from every thing printed.

THE ECHO OF A DINNER BELL.

POLICE JUSTICE.—Foolish man, why did you smash that plate-glass window, when you surely knew that you must go to jail for it?

CULPRIT (desperately).—Well, Judge, since the warm weather commenced I've been living in a fashionable boarding-house, and I'm just hunger-mad from a diet of napkins and silver. Please send me where I can get something to eat!

WHETHER OR NOT this will be a clean campaign depends upon the activity of the campaign lye and the amount of soap brought into service.

WHILE IN the country this summer, tell no secrets in the fields. The very corn has ears.

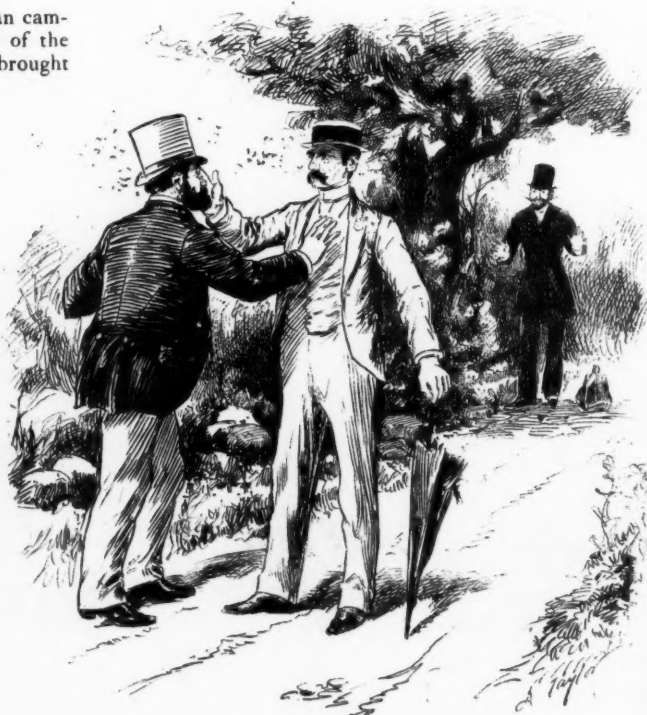
EX-GOVERNOR ALGER, of Michigan, became an orphan at the age of eleven. This is one reason why his boom went by the board. If his father had lived, and given him a first-class education and plenty of money to make money with, things might have been different. He would never have had any boom at all.

"I GUESS IT'S 'bout time for that feller Harrison to pull down his shingle as 'The Boy Preacher,'" said old Uncle Oatcake, as he laid down his paper: "When a man's old enough to get the Presidential nomination, his whiskers oughter grow, even if they don't!"

WHEEL WITHIN WHEEL.

FLITTERLY INSKIP.—Hello, Speyers, old man; come in and take something, won't you?

SPEYERS.—Sh, Flit! I really don't dare to just now. I'm a special detective watching the two detectives of the Society for the Advancement of Cruelty to Vice, who just went into the bar; and, for all I know, there may be another detective around watching me!



AMENITIES OF LIFE IN NEW JERSEY.

BROWN.—Well, as I was saying, I'll try to get down to see you—*swat*—got him that time—next Saturday.

JONES.—Do—*swat*—hold on, let me belt that other one on your ear—*swat*—and bring Mrs. Brown and the children.

ASTONISHED PARISIAN (not yet acquainted with the national bird).—Sacred name of a little tin canister! Is this then the boxing match so famous—or when fights one the duel?



BLACKBERRIES.

ALL THE day he declaims, like a clarion shrill—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"
Like the rat-tat-tat of a stone-crushing mill—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"
From a mouth like the mouth of a drummer's valise
Comes the cry you could hear from Secaucus to Nice,
And in volume each moment it seems to increase—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"

Oh, it fills all the breast of the still summer air—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"
The horrible echo is rife everywhere—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"
That demon-like yell thrills our souls near and far;
It is worse than the rattle of stage or horse-car,
As the vender shouts out: "Hordeoy, here you are—
Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"

OPEN DEFIANCE.

ADMINISTRATION OFFICER (to REPUBLICAN SENATOR).—You must admit, Senator, that the obstruction policy of your side is, to say the least, unjustified. Is it not shameful that owing to this policy of yours, the Supreme Bench of the United States can not be filled?

REPUBLICAN SENATOR.—No, sir; and, as long as I can prevent it, it won't be Fuller!

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

FARMER OATCAKE (visiting New York).—Say, Mister, is this here the Grand Opera House?

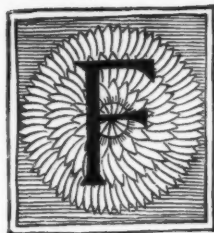
MR. LUNTON TERRISS.—Yes, sir; which show did you want to see?—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," or the meeting of the Republican Campaign Club?

FARMER OATCAKE.—Durn it, stranger; is it possible they're runnin' two shows so near alike in one house?

FORAKER TRIED so hard to run the Convention that the country wanted to know whose funeral it was, anyhow. The country now perceives that it was Foraker's funeral.

BANKERS SEEM to think, with Samson, that their strength is in their locks; but they often get left as badly as he did.

COURTSHIP is graced with the glitter of diamonds; but marriage has to scabble around very lively to get a supply of the plain black carbon.



FORCE OF HABIT.

"DOES THE RAZOR hurt you?"

No reply.

"Is the draft too strong?"

No reply.

"Shall I shut the door?"

No reply.

"Think Cleveland will be re-elected?"

No reply.

"Awful fire in New York last night!"

No reply.

"Shave you pretty close?"

No reply.

"Getting very warm now!"

No reply.

"That was a heavy thunder-storm last night!"

No reply.

"Shampoo?"

No reply.

"Trim your hair up a little?"

No reply.

"Brilliantine on the moustache?"

No reply.

"Bay rum?"

No reply.

Then the country barber, who was all alone in his breezy shop, sat down greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself.

R. K. M.

VAIN HOPES.

MR. ROCKAWAY BEECHE.—Have you noticed how that young Howell Gibbon dwesses lately? I believe he actually aspires to be thought a leadaw of fashion!

MR. HOFFMAN HOWES.—He might as well give up; his wecord 's against him.

MR. ROCKAWAY BEECHE.—How 's that, Chap-py?

MR. HOFFMAN HOWES.—Nevaw was sued for a bill in his life!

MR. DEPEW'S THREE R'S.—The N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.—may be held responsible for his still being President.

THE SUCCESSFUL MANAGER should thank his stars.

GOVERNOR HILL keeps an eye on number one; and, as number one is so very small, he finds one eye quite sufficient for the purpose.

A LORD OF CREATION — Robert Louis Stevenson.

"OH, MY, YA-AS," said Mr. McGalluster: "there 's a very high tone to the *Mail and Express* since Colonel Shepard took hold of it, doncherknow. You never see whortle-berries referred to as huckleberries in the *Mail and Express*. I really think it 's the ablest paper we have in the town.

IF THERE EVER was an offensive partisan in this world, he is the man who runs this climate. The Weather Bureau ought to go.

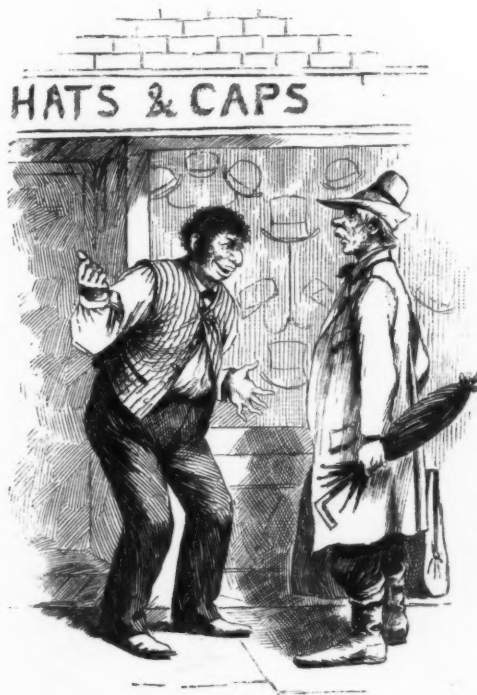
WE LEARN FROM *Blackwood's Magazine* that the expression "bloody," so common among Englishmen, does not mean any thing of a sanguinary nature, but is derived from the word "bloidhe," meaning rather. Nevertheless, it is an unpleasant word, and we would bloody not use it.

FORAKER IS NOW wrapped up in his boom and packed away forever.

AFTER THE kind treatment he received at the hands of Queen Victoria, it is rather mean in Buffalo Bill to plaster the town with pictures of himself bowing to Mme. Diss Debar, and label them "Hon. Wm. F. Cody and Her Majesty, the Queen of England."

THE HARRISON MEN are now said to be throwing up their hats. On the morning after election day they will be throwing up their boots.

IF BLAINE is really acknowledged to be the Clay of his party, as he himself is said to have remarked, it is probably because he can't get there. There is one thing certain, he is not the sand of his party.



JEKYLL AND HYDE IN BAXTER STREET.

DR. JEKYLL.—Mine friendt, von't you sdepi inside? I show you some peautiful hats at half de cosd of manufacure.

MR. HYDE (backing up against the closed door).—No you don'd, young feller! You buys a had before you gets owet of here!

Ed. Brown's
Ginger

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THE MIDSUMMER PUCK

will be published next week (July 18th). It will be the regular issue for that date (No. 593), the number of pages increased to 36, with handsome lithographed cover.

Of artists who have contributed to the MIDSUMMER PUCK besides the regular staff, we may mention E. W. Kemble, C. G. Bush, W. L. Shepard, Hal Hurst, A. B. Shults and C. D. Gibson.

S. Decatur Smith, Morris Waite, Clarence Stetson, C. N. Hood, Ph. H. Welch, Madeline S. Bridges, James A. Goodwin, Paul Pastnor, Williston Fish, and others, have with their clever literary work helped to make the MIDSUMMER PUCK a magazine of humor.

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THE Hebrew vote will be captured by Benjamin and Levi. — *Washington Critic.*

You can always find the latest craze at any well-conducted insane asylum. — *Ex.*

A WESTERN MAN has painted his house with phosphorescent paint. This is an improvement on the illuminated key-hole; but if two or three of his neighbors were also to paint their houses with phosphorescent paint, the originator of the idea would either have to go home sober or run the risk of getting into the wrong abode. — *Norristown Herald.*

THOSE MEAN ARISTOCRATS.

MISS PETROLEUM. — It does make me so mad! With all our money we don't git no respect.

MRS. PETROLEUM. — Eh? What's folks been saying now?

"Hintin' about the way we got our cash. What d'ye think Miss Boston said when I showed her Pop's new portrait? She asked if it was painted in oil!" — *Omaha World.*

THE fellow who tells the truth with deliberate, sure-footed caution, is n't believed half so often as the man who can lie with graceful volubility. — *Merchant Traveler.*

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands Bright clear complexion Soft healthful skin.

SCIENTIST (to agriculturist). — No, sir, I can give you no remedy for the ravages of this insect, and there is no known preventive; but I have succeeded in classifying the bug. It is the *strepsiptera mandipulata*. Twenty-five dollars, please. — *Chicago Tribune.*



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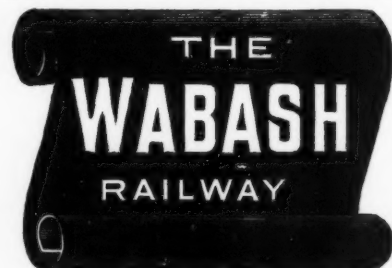
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Any one is at liberty to compete for these prizes who chooses to do so.

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MME. MISS DEBAR, the spiritualist, has been sent to jail six months for swindling. Her punishment is neither light nor heavy; it is just "medium."—*Norristown Herald*.

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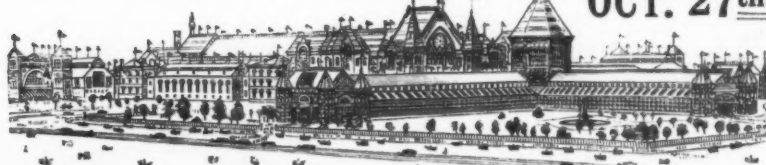
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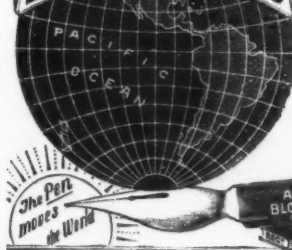


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A MAN TO BE ENVIED.

DUMLEY. — Who was that gentleman that touched his hat so politely to you just now, Hardcash?

HARDCASH. — My tailor.

DUMLEY (with an envious sigh). — Ah, it must be a glorious experience to be treated in that way by one's tailor. — *Epoch*.

It is to be regretted that General Greely did n't fetch the North pole back with him. — *Merchant Traveler*.

The pitcher who goes often to bat learns how deceptive a curve can be made. — *Exchange*.

"It is so sudden, Mr. Peduncle," said the young lady, softly: "give me time to think of it."

"Certainly," replied the business-like commercial traveler: "I'll be around again in thirty days."

"I only wanted a moment, Harry," she said, sweetly. — *Chicago Tribune*.

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"I am afraid, Bobby," said his mother: "that when your papa comes home all tired out with his day's work, and learns what a naughty boy you've been, he will punish you."

"Perhaps, Ma," replied Bobby, with hope strong in his breast: "he will be too tired to feel like punishing me." — *Epoch*.

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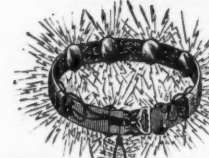
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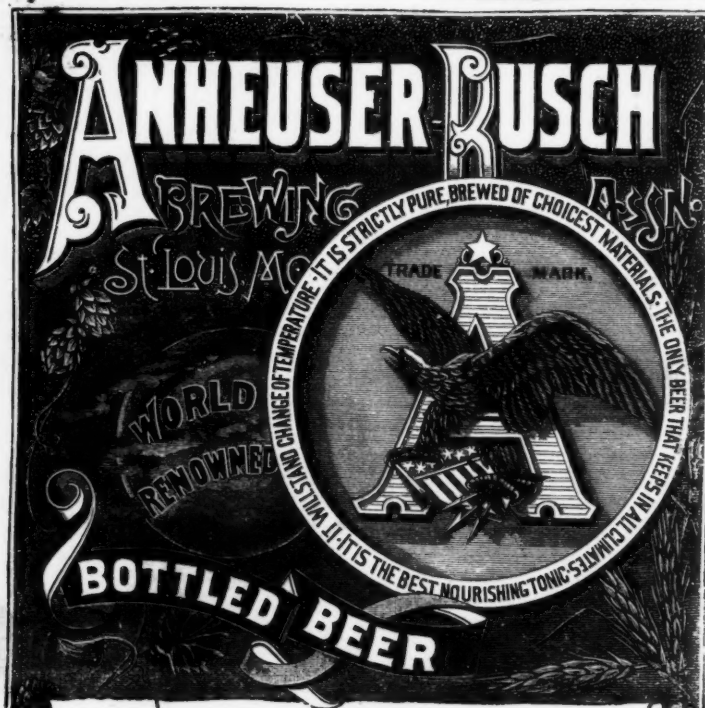
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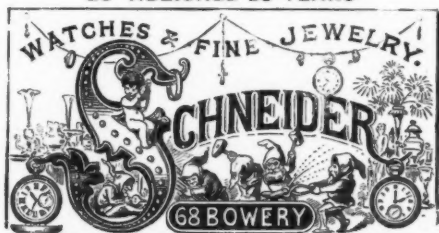
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THE "Dark Secret" has been sighted at sea. The sail was down, and the captain seemed to be repairing his boom.

N. B.—This has no reference to any political candidate. The "Dark Secret" is a pocket sailboat in which a man named Andrews is tempting fate, crossing the Atlantic.—*Buffalo Ev. News.*

A woman has invented "a double-pointed nail." If this means a point on each end, how in the dickens are we going to "hit the nail on the head?" What this woman should turn her attention to is the invention of a hammer that will hit a nail instead of "squashing" the finger nail of the amateur carpenter.—*Norristown Herald.*

REV. DR. PAXTON says that Jay Gould, though a member of his church, is not an avowed Christian, but is a quiet gentleman who would be apt to keep his religious expressions largely to himself. This business of keeping things largely to himself seems to be Jay's most pronounced characterization.—*Georgia Cracker.*

OLD GENTLEMAN (to elevated road BRAKEMAN).—Your life, my young friend, I imagine is a laborious one, and full of trials?

BRAKEMAN.—Yes, sir; but there are moments when it is filled with a blessed peace, and happiness, and joy.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—When you are paid off, I suppose?

BRAKEMAN.—No, sir; when I can slam the gate in the face of somebody who is in a big hurry.—*New York Sun.*

A CLERGYMAN says the journalists who are employed on a Sunday paper are overworked. He is mistaken. It is the man who carries the Sunday paper from the news stand to his home, and holds it half an hour, that is overworked.—*Norristown Herald.*

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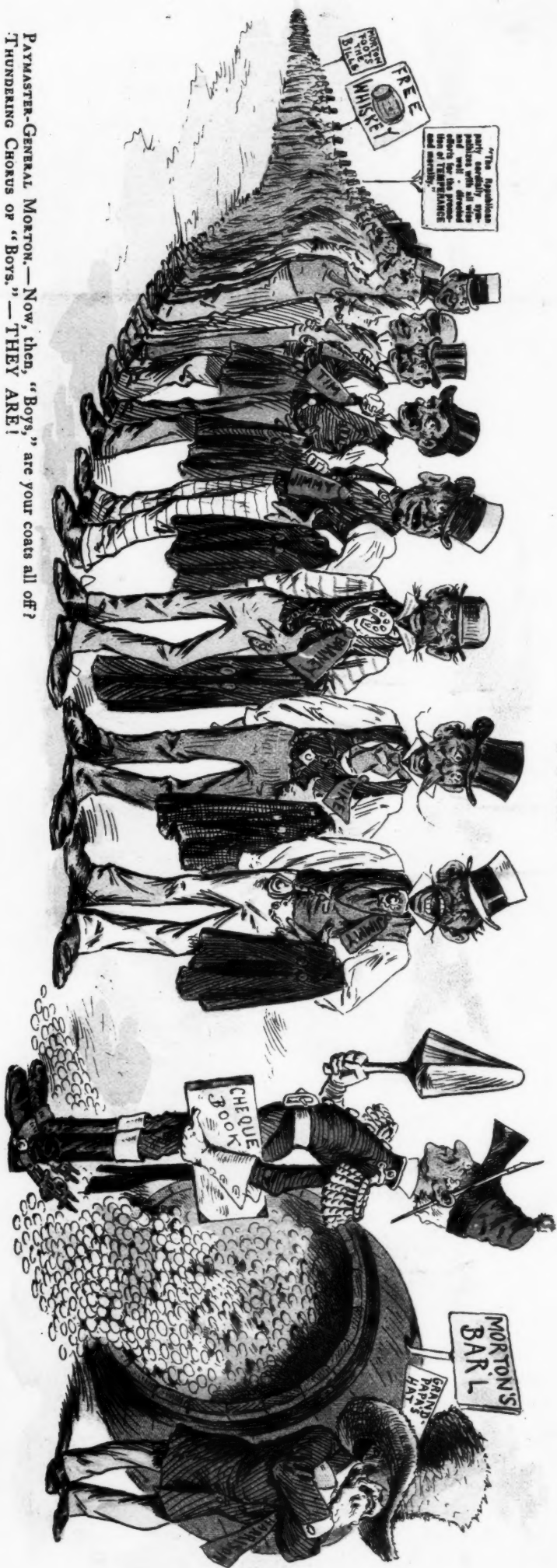
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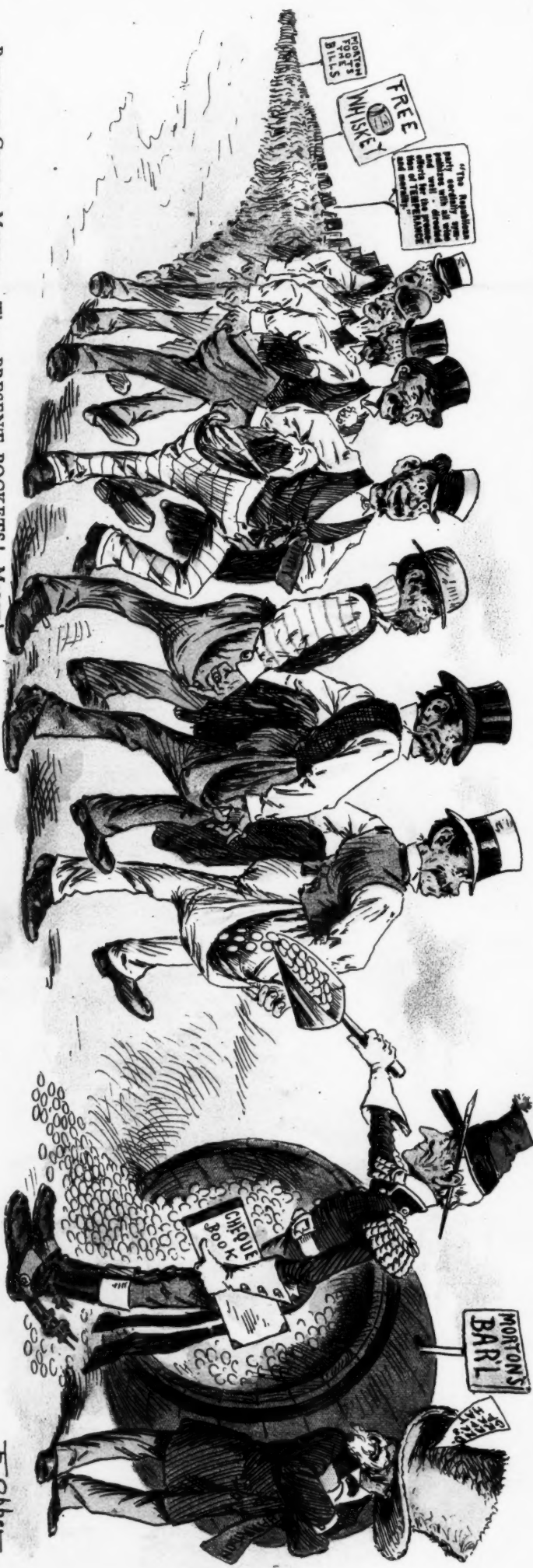
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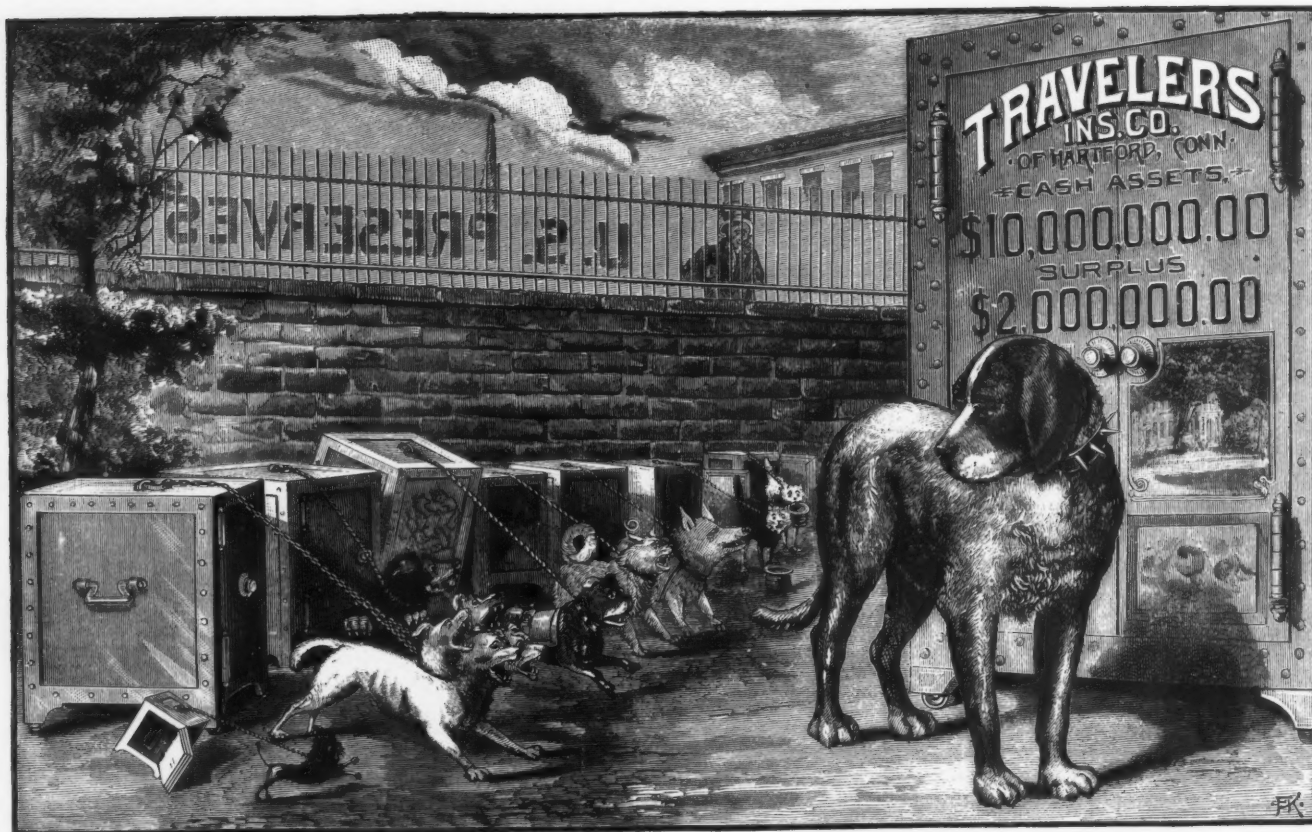


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